Chimmie Fadden Lights a Pipe.

Whereupon Mr. Paul Has a Dream That Is all Ready Money With No Discount.

* * * * BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND. * * * * *

T was like dis: Mr. Paul says to me de odder day would I pilot him up and down Main street a bit, before New York got so far ahead of him dat be before New York got so far ahead of him dat he couldn't find his way to choich without a compass.

I says sure and he asks Whiskers would he chase along in de procession. But Whiskers says nay, nay. "No," says he, "I has lived half a hundred years in dis city of me birt, without knowing any more about it dan I needed to find me way to me club, me bank, me choich and to de few teeatres dat is not playing Fitch or rag-time. On your way," he says, "I'm satisfied. I'll leave it to strangers in New York, and cu-



rious-minded natives like you, Paul, to loin how to travel underground, and for to do business in bal-Shall we travel in me mobile, Chames?" says Mr.

Shan we traver in the mobile, changes, easy and Paul.

"I pass," I says. "All mobiles dat dosen't bust deirselves, busts into de subway," I says. "I'd radder travel by hand," I says.

So we hikes out and I passes him up a few of de new teeatres dat is blooming fort in de tenderloin.

"Dis," I says, when we fetches Toity-fort street, "is de Druray Lane, climbing up into de sky; dis on Forty-foist is to be de New Amsterdam; and right dere," I says, pointing a little way off, on Forty-second, "is where de same parties is to build de Liberty; and here on Forty-toid is Reggie DeKoven's Lyric; and here on Forty-fort is de Hudson; and on Forty-

"Hold on," says Mr. Paul, "you skipped Forty-sevent and Forty-eight streets."

"Give em time," I says. "Kirk LaSheli and Billy Brady comes in dere. Let us take de L and go out to Harlem and see de two new tecatres me friends, Tim Sullivan and Harry Minor's kid, is running up

L.says. "No," says Mr. Paul, tautful like, "let us go and look down in de subway awhile, to get de twist out of me neck I got from looking up at de tall buildings."

'We hasn't struck de tall buildings yet," I says.
"Dere's two sky-scrapers of hotels going up on Long

Acre square; and you never seen de Ansonia, furder out de lane, wit twict as many rooms as de Waldorf;

"No more; no more today," says Mr. Paul. "Let us philosphise. What is we coming to?"
"De subway," I says. "Look out for de blast!"

"I mean what is society coming to," he says.
"Search me," I says. "It's struck Lent already,"
I says, "and bridge whist tables is wolking overtime." "Bridge whist tables is woiking overtime."
"Bridge whist won't last," says he. "It's a female—" no, dat wasn't de woid he used. What's dat?
Dat's it. Tanks. "It's a phemeral fad," he says, "what we imported from Lunnon, and it will stray to de woods as soon as dere's enough teeatres in town for everybody to get a seat dat's got de price. Dat's de point. We is all coming to de teeatre; which is to say, we is all going to de teeatres; eider as actors or as audience."
"I'd radder deal de game." I says "dan buy chips."

"I'd radder deal de game," I says, "dan buy chips."
"Well," says Mr. Baul, "we must all do one or de
odder. Dere will soon be so many teeatres dat we all must be in de game, until Mr. Edison perfects

all must be in de game, until Mr. Edison perfects his auto-actor."

"Dat's a ringer on me." I says, "dat auto-actor."

"It's near ready to be put on de market," says Mr. Paul. "It's to be run by machinery and warranted to make no holler, even if de ghost don't walk, and all de press notices is roasts. Den will come a happy time. De critics will all be graduates of schools of engineering. 'De part of Hamlet,' de press notices will say, 'was excellently rendered by one of de new pattern, two and a half horse-power, drop forged, leading men, constructed on lines' invented by Mr. Mansfeld. By a novel contrivance (for which de inventor has patents) its exhaust is made to resemble de sound of entuslastic applause. De power is directly geared to its legs, and, when a friction lutch is trun on, dis character can be used for buck and fancy step dances, between de acts. De ghost was played by a high-powered, alcohol-heated, coppertubed utility man, which slipped its eccentric pin in de battlement scene, and, being hastily repaired, de wrong stop was pulled out and it finished de scene wit de lines of Rip Van Winkle. De Foist Grave Digger was geared a little too high for de requirements of de part, and trun Yorrick's skull into de gallery, causing a rough house intermezzo. Furder rehearsals will, no doubt, smood de action in dis respect. Ophelia was played by a low-pressure, napta, non-explosive design, invented by May Irwin. We were not afforded opportunity to see dis model at its best, for in de middle of de flower scene an unfortunate ac-

cident to her repertoire attachment started her to singing 'All Coons Look Alike to Me.' Dis was de result of engaging for de part a chilled steel, gold-plated soubrette, dat played in a Casina production last week. Furder notice is reserved, but we must urge managers to see dat de song woiks of lady autos formerly employed in comic opera is trun out of gear when cast for de legitimate."

"Dat's a great scheme," I says. "Is any of de stock on de market? If it is," I says, "I'll go rubber at de ground floor."

at de ground floor."
"No." says Mr. Paul, "it was over-subscribed by de syndicate. But I hope for de best, Chames," says he. "If Mr. Edison can manufacture de auto-actors fast

well, dat evening, as I was tussing around a library, when de folks was hot-aring, and me keeping ice in de cooler and wood on de grate, I hears Mr. Paul say, "I has a graft," he says—only he uses dude wolds what I toin into right English for you—"I has wit all the maring by de citi.

wolds what I toin into right English for you—"I has a graft for to do away wit all tax-paying by de citizens of dis delightful island of Manhattan."

"Good!" says Whiskers. "All dat's needed to give dis city de comforts of home is to make de price of living come within de means of folks of moderate incomes, like me. Dat's de song he sung, but I cops it right dat Whiskers rakes off an even hundred thousand woiking two days a year cutting de fringe off bonds.



enough we may be saved from being drafted into de drama. If de woist comes to de woist, and every New Yorker is needed to act out en top of de stage, for de entertainment of de strangers within our gate money, den I know what line of parts I will play."

"Hand out de line," I says.

"De soivants dat fethehes on de bottles of wine," he says. "I notice dat very little of de wine is drunk on de stage, and I has often tant what a good ting de soivant has when he takes de bottle off."

Say, honest, if ever Mr. Paul should toss a lip over a glass of stage fizz he'd have de struggle of his life to remember dat he was a Christian.

"What is your plan, Paul?" he says. "Tell me quick, so as I can have a ttaste of heaven even before I die."

"It is dis," says Mr. Paul. "I'm going to form de "It is dis," says Mr. Paul. "I'm going to form de Island of Manhattan Amusement company, unlimited. De capital will be a few billion, but when I set fort me suspects I'll have to use a hammer to discourage subscribers. I shall get a franchise for me company to fence in Manhattan island and charge admission. In retoin for de franchise, de company will pay de city all de long green needed to run de moneycipal gov'ment. It won't be much, as de company will do most of de wolk now done by de city; run de

police and fire departments, clean de strets, pay de officeholders, and—"
"Hold on," says Whiswers. "If your company pays for running all does departments, why would

pays for running all does departments, why would it have to pay de city anything?"

"Sir," says Mr. Paul, "dere are soiten expenses in connection wit gov-ment which it is not polite to discuss in mixed company. For particulars, I refer you to me friends, Platt, Croker and Company. Dis plan was suggested to me on a poissonally conducted tour about town, wit Chames to guide me, today. I found dat at de present rate of progress New York, in a little time, will be solidly built up of teeatres and hotels. De business is madly in need of organization"—say dat is a boid of a woid—What?—"Of organiza-—say dat is a bold of a wold—What?—"Of organization. It should be run in a community of interest.

Here is teatres being built all over de lot, wit hotels stuck in between, and no general plan, no econamy; competition instead of co-operation, and millions of graft going to waste because nobody has taut
of me plan."

"But what has fencing in de island got to do wit" Whiskers asks.

"But what has fencing in de island got to do wit it?" Whiskers asks.

"Dat's de starting point," says Mr. Paul, "You couldn't keep Americans wit gold to meit out of New York if you threatened em wit smallpox and gatling guns. It's de einchiset graft dat ever went to waste since Noah forgot to charge admission to de ark. We has de goods, and de people won't be happy until dey has 'em. Make 'em pay to get into de shop and den pay for what dey gets dere. After paying all de expenses we now meet by de foolish trick of taxing ourselves, me company will still have all de profits of de shop for velveteen. See?"

"It sounds big," says Whiskers.

"But it's bigger dan it sounds," says Mr. Paul.
"It's de graftiest graft dat ever grew out of doors," he says, using some real langwudge, which he can, when he wants to talk straight.

"Listen," he says. "On me trip wit Chames today, I seen a hundred buildings, costing \$100,000,000, going up. Deir hundred separate foolish owners is paying all kinds of foolish boodle for the land, for building material, for labor, and for everything. Dat's what de hundred little steel companies and de dozen steamship companies paid before dey got togedder. What is dey paying now, I asks you?"

"Paying dividends," says Whiskers, beginning to get onto de graft.

"Exactly, sir. Let us stop dis foolish game of building a teeatre here, a hotel dere, a palm room some.

"Exactly, sir. Let us stop dis foolish game of building a teeatre here, a hotel dere, a palm room somewhere else, and a row of banjo flats in between. Let us get togedder; let us organize; let us get onto de game and stop playing long shots, just because dey is long, and play notting but cinches, wit de money handed out to us as soon as we picks our favorite, without waiting for de horses to be run. De whole island will be covered by a twenty-story building, and as fast as a new treatre a botel or restaurent. island will be covered by a twenty-story building, and as fast as a new teeatre, a hotel, a restaurant, a mile of flats, or any odder old kind of a joint is wanted, part of de building will be finished to suit tennants. De company fixes de rent—without competition. Is it a dream? What!" he says.

"Say, isn't Mr. Paul a fancy fineseer? But listen: I lit de pipe dat started dat dream and I'll come in for a rake off on de boodle and wear me Sunday close all de time, and drink notting but real wine, whenever I has toist on me.

scription of the American flag as au-thorized by law and custom; the law-ful number of stripes and the proper color, and what the Union Jack means; also requesting information as to what is the tawful American coat-of-arms.

blematic of the thirteen states of the blematic of the thirteen states of the addition of one star as each state was admitted to the Union gave proper recognition to all the states, and makes the day a significant emblem of the growth that a significant emblem of the growth that it is shown in colors, and seven white stripes instead of seven red stripes and six white, as provided for stripes and six white, as provided for the flag. The outside or border stripes

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THE WHISTLING BULLET.

He Just Couldn't Lo

was standing, after breaklast, on Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough hotel, in New York, taking a sun bath for myself and mapping my programme for the day. Two three other men were standing near me doing the same.

"Our attention was lazily enlisted, as we stood there, by the spectacle of a boy, wearing a chef's cap and apron. poy, wearing a cher's cap and aprofi-recklessly swinging an empty crockery pitcher above his head. The boy was rigged up like a hotel kitchen appren-tice. He moved along Thirty-sixth street from Broadway on his way to Seventh avenue, carrying the large crockery pitcher in his right hand and describing helf area and full circles describing half arcs and 'full circles through the air, whistling merrily the

'What infernal whelps most boys are, anyhow,' remarked a sporty look-ing man standing near me, to a plain looking individual who was standing

bedieve and what in the line and contain. The line and the state of early of the line and the li

(Washington Star.)

I T'S a good thing for us, I suppose, that whenever we get it all settled and arranged in our minds that we're too everlastingly bright and crafty to be 'done' by anybedy, we usually get a fall that takes the perkiness out of us," said a Washington department store buyer who makes frequent trips to New York. "Up to a certain day last week, for example, I had a pretty thorough understanding with myself that there was no old kind of a New York bunco game that I'd bite on. I'd been going to New York wood often and for too long a time for anything like that. Well, listen.

"A week ago Monday morning last I was standing, after breakfast, on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough bottel, in New York I was standing, after breakfast, on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough bottel, in New York I was a standing, after breakfast, on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough bottel, in New York I was standing, after breakfast, on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough bottel, in New York I was a standing in New York I was standing, after breakfast, on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough bottel, in New York I was a standing in New York I was standing, after breakfast, on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough bottel, in New York I was a standing, after breakfast, on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough bottel, in New York I was a standing, after breakfast, on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough bottel, in New York I was a standing, after breakfast, on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marl-borough bottel in New York I was a standing in New York in the said to me in precise. It was that cuch fooling with that the same tone he had used in making tha remark a just look at that cub fooling with that cuch for he had used in making tha remark a just look at that cub fooling with that the same tone in making tha remark a just look at that cub fooling with that the same to found in the same tone in the same tone in the same

'This,' said I to myself, as I fell into me.

"'Yust about,' said I.

"Well, he said, good naturedly, then, Till bet you a V that he doesn't smash it before he reaches the next corner,'

"How had the sporty looking man passed the signal to the kid not to drop the pitcher on that occasion? I give it up. I didn't stop to inquire of him. I felt too cheap to stop for any purpose that you had swing on board the "You're on, said I, and we put up our five spots with the newsdealer on the corner."

Up a Pyramid to Get a Foul

"Yes," said the chap in the big panama, "it was a great game and a great catch, and the kid deserves a heap of credit, but — Oh, well, that was a long white ago," and he sighed deeply.

There was a varn back of that sigh and I knew it, so I murmured, "What are you going to have?" and whistled. * * *

He sipped in silence for a few moments and then relieved himself of the following:

"But it only proves that the unexpected is one conductive to shivering or coolness, or to not even moderate comfort.
"But it only proves that the unexpected is silence for the following:
"But it only proves that the unexpected is silence for a few moments and then relieved himself of the following:
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"But it only proves that the unexpected is silenced and a feeling of coldness came over me as I thought how necessary it was to stop that hit at all hazards, though the weather conditions were not all conductive to shivering or coolness, or to not even moderate comfort.

"But it only proves that the unexpected is seen and fully expected to see one driven with terrible speed directly at me. I remember that I shought how necessary it was to stop that hit at all hazards, though the weather conditions were not all conductive to shivering or coolness, or to not even moderate comfort.